

THE NATURE, NOBILITY, Character, and Complement OF MONEY.

Nam Genus & Formam Regina Pecunia donat.

IN this word [MONEY] more is comprehended
Than ever Tongue declar'd, or Pen commended:
It governs all the Land, circles the Sea,
And is the Worldling's *Primum Mobile*.
Money hath such an influence on Men,
It sets up Kings, and plucks 'em down again.
Money! it is the Crown of all Events;
It doth compound for all Impediments;
It is a Spell that doth all Spirits raise,
Honour, Health, Power, Pleasure, Profit, Praise.
Query. But will it buy Content? or can it cure
A cancerous Conscience? (*Ans.*) Nothing hits more sure.
For you shall read in many a *Roman* Story,
Money can free the Soul from Purgatory:
It makes the Pope Infallible to be;
Because 'tis more infallible than he.
For Money, Men are int' all hazzards hurld,
'Tis the adored Idol of the World.
Though one Sect damn another, yet, in fine,
They'r all Devots at *Pecunia's* Shrine:
Albeit in Arguments they rant and tear,
Plot and Confound, They'r all of one Mind there.
The simple-seeming *Quaker* that will shun-ye
In points of holiness, will take thy Money.
The Scripture Pedlers that do prate and cant,
And cry the Laud, Money's the meaning on't:
Amongst some Sects which different Tenents hold,
The Gospel is but a new name for Gold;
And sacred Offices are often sold
For Secular Silver. As, in days of old,
All plenty was compriz'd in Milk and Honey;
So in these dayes all merit lies in Money.
It is and doth all things in every Cause;
It gives new meanings unto old made Laws.
Nothing but Money can do and undo:
'Tis *Pro* and *Con*, and *Moderator* too.
If this thing Money were not all in all,
How could the Sciences be Liberal?
It doth maintain the Court, the Camp, the School;
The greatest Politician's but a Fool,
If he want Money: 'tis so bright, so sunny,
That Men sell Houses, Lands, and Towns, for Money.
Down Kirk, down State, down every thing must fall,
Rather than want Interest and Principal.

Money doth comprehend Lawyers and Laws;
It is a Chancellor in every Cause.
Meum and *Tuum* are the Bounds of Right;
Yet for all this *Meum* and *Tuum* fight:
Though *Meum* have the Milk, *Tuum* the Honey;
Yet *Tuum* will fall out for *Meum's* Money.
It rules both Right and Wrong. What makes this stir
Betwixt the *French*, *Dutch*, and the Emperor,
But Money, or what Money doth bring forth,
Navyes and Nations? 'Tis all Money's worth:
Money is Sovereign of Sea and Shore;
It doth at once, both make and heal the Sore;
It bids defiance to all shapes of Slaughter
At Sea, it makes Men run through Fire and Water;
Soar to the Sun, and sink to the Sea's center,
Dare Death in all his glories, so the venter
Doth produce Money, though but one small ray;
A Souldier will do this for a Month's pay.
When Money her allicient look extends,
Some Men will truck for Fathers, Brothers, Friends;
Which makes me pray, the King may keep his hold:
His Father was the price of Gadly Gold;
And His King too, though of celestial birth:
'Twas Money bought the King of Heaven and Earth;
And that same fatal Money made the Elf;
That treacherous Treasurer, to sell himself
Eternally, where Money's influence
Is of no power to buy him back from thence.
Money doth all things else; 'twere, of the two,
Shorter to say what Money cannot do,
Than what it can; our Priviledges, Laws,
Religion, Reformation, Good old Cause,
Are all but words for Money; It doth teach
The Courtier how to Flatter, Priests to Preach,
Souldier to Swear, and Citizen to Lye,
And is the vital Blood of Sovereignty.
It makes the Aged Young, the Crooked Streight,
The Dwarf a Giant, The Fool Fortunate.
To close up all, (for I but briefly shew 'em)
It is fitter for a Volume than a Poem.
I'll leave this Theme to those that better know it,
Money's too great a stranger to a Poet.

T. J.